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PUCK'S PERPLEXING POSITION—BETWEEN TWO EVILS.

PUCK.—"Well, I want to be an Anti-Monopolist; but not if that is one!"

PUCK.

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NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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BUSINESS MANAGER A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR H. C. BUNNER

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FICTION.

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION CONTAINING ONLY STORIES.

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FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 95.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME IX. will be issued next week.

A PUCKOGRAPH OF

POSTMASTER-GENERAL JAMES

Will be published with the next number of PUCK.
Newsdealers will please send in their orders at once.

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PUCK'S EXCHANGES

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WHEN the *Herald*, years ago, gave the English language the word *buchu* as an adjective, it did better service than it knew. "*Buchu*" is a more useful word, for Americans, than "*pinchbeck*" or "*Brummagem*." It implies more; it is more in harmony with our institutions. The curse of the patent medicine is on our land. The idea of the patent medicine permeates all our system of civilization. There is no good deed done without the *buchu* element being apparent in the doing of it. There is no progress, no improvement, no reform, without the suggestion of *buchu*. *Buchu* means humbug, sham, pious pretence. These few remarks are suggested by the recent appearance of Mr. John Kelly as the champion of Anti-Monopoly. He has ridden into the lists with a blare of trumpets and a rolling of drums, and all over the trappings of his horse, and on the banners of his squires, we see Mr. Kelly's advertisement:

TAMMANY HALL,
THE OLD AND RELIABLE.

EVERY INDUCEMENT OFFERED TO DEMOCRATIC
CUSTOMERS.

PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

J. KELLY, Boss.

*

Mr. Kelly is a champion of the Anti-Monopoly cause just as the vendor of "*buchu*" pa-

tent medicines is a benefactor to the human race—because it pays him. Not in money, perhaps; but in advertising, in popularity. Mr. Kelly is neither a first-class statesman nor a first-class fool; but he has many of the qualities of each. He has observed the growth of the popular feeling against the monopolistic tendencies of modern commerce and finance in this democratic country. He has seen that the people are beginning to squirm uneasily under the heels of unprincipled plutocrats, like Vanderbilt and Jay Gould and the Waterers of the Elevated Roads. It has struck him that there was something to be done in a "deal" with that pseudo-organization which calls itself the Anti-Monopolist party. Hence the gratuitous demonstration of last week. But Mr. Kelly has made a mistake. If he had been a first-class statesman, he would have seen that the movement against the tyranny of misused capital had not yet reached sufficient proportions to make it a tool for even the most skillful of politicians. As things stand, he has only weighted his own party with the responsibility of an issue of, as yet, doubtful popularity, and has discredited the good faith of many honest and disinterested reformers.

* * *

It was our boyish idea that the whole duty of the President of the United States was to "eat molasses candy, and swing upon the gates." President Arthur could tell us better. We doubt if any man before him found the presidential chair thicker stuffed with nettles. An unpopular man, he succeeds a President whose memory is peculiarly dear to the hearts of the people. He goes about his business with the unpleasant feeling that a sharp-eyed nation is watching him to see if he will do anything out-of-the-way. Hanging to his coat-tails is the wreck of a party thoroughly hated and distrusted by the people—a party? a section of a party, rather. The principles and the disciples of his predecessor are left a legacy upon his hands. He has made no declaration of his intentions; and so everyone is interested in knowing what he will do. The entire army of office-seekers is watching him with hungry eyes. If he is to satisfy everybody who "expects something" of him, he will indeed be a conjurer. In the capacious presidential hat are there good things enough to go round and leave something over for the prestidigitator? We fear not. We have, in fact, a well defined idea that if President Arthur wishes to tread the path of duty, he will have to cut his prize-show short, and take as hard a road as Jordan ever proved to a weary sinner's feet.

* * *

Individuals who have been accustomed to buy their pool tickets as regularly as they take their matutinal cocktail and their PUCK, have been of late considerably exercised by the different obstacles thrown in the path of their favorite amusement. How they think of the palmy days of old, now passed away and never likely to return, when a pool ticket could be bought at every corner of the street, when the click of the register, the sound of which in most instances was the only value the purchaser got for his money, was heard from early morn far into the watches of the night! Ah! those were indeed glorious days, and life was then worth living for. Now all the excitement and delight has been entirely knocked out of it, and the wicked tyrant Mayor Grace, the street-cleaning hero, has covered himself with additional laurels of infamy by using his power and influence to keep these cultured resorts closed.

* * *

His success, however, can only be partial. The gambling spirit is too strong to be put down because a conscientious Mayor attempts

to do the duty that has been neglected by others. Still, if the little amusement is forced to be carried on in a way that will lessen the outrage against public decency, it will be a great feather in the cap of the Mayor. The pool-sellers who found a rest for the soles of their feet in the balmy atmosphere of Hunter's Point, have even in that Elysium had difficulties to contend with, notwithstanding the eminent fitness of the place for the carrying on of the business. We think, if the decision of the question as to their being allowed to stay there were left to us, that we should permit them to do so, because it would be so convenient to have all the nuisances together in a limited area. The grand jury and the police and the Mayor and the Governor could then get at them whenever they felt so inclined.

* * *

It would be a great blessing, and Hunter's Point, as a place of resort, might rival Coney Island and Saratoga in attraction, provided there was no interference with its now famous and historic odors. All the bogus doctors who practice without the intervention of diplomas or the knowledge of the human frame might be transplanted thither. Tammany Hall might, too, find a delightful home. The commodious vehicle known as a New York Stage could run there without receiving the amount of abuse from every unfortunate passenger to which it is accustomed in New York. Then, when the pool-rooms and all the other standing annoyances were comfortably established through the instrumentality of Mayor Grace, the announcement would be made that a delegation of citizens—we suppose a lady is a citizen—wished to wait on him for the purpose of returning thanks. The mother, because her son had no longer the temptation to gamble in the pool-room; the merchant or banker, whose clerks have now less reason for robbing their employer; the mother-in-law, whose daughter may, perhaps, have a chance for a slight modicum of happiness by her son-in-law's enforced renunciation of the pool-room, and many others. Let the memorial tablet, the design for which we have submitted in our cartoon, be at once executed and put on the walls of the City Hall.

* * *

We venture to think that President Arthur and his administration will not place themselves in a ridiculous position in the eyes of foreign countries by asking Italy to return Esposito, the alleged brigand, to the United States. If, unfortunately, Esposito should not be the man wanted by the Italian police, it will be awkward, not to say unpleasant, for him to find himself a ruined but a free man. It is true he will still have the privilege of going back to New Orleans and once more selling bananas and peanuts, but this privilege may not make up for the loss of his liberty. Mr. Esposito, whether he be brigand or bananaist, has not been treated well. But he was extra fitted in what appeared to be a proper form. If it was not properly done, our government is alone to blame; and we must not make ourselves a laughing-stock of the world by appealing to Italy for help in the matter. Somebody high in authority ought certainly to be rapped over the knuckles for permitting an impudent understrapper of a clerk to sign extradition documents that may cause an innocent man to be cruelly punished. But now that it is done, we cannot help ourselves, and must try not to do it again. Esposito was unfortunate in his counsel. If they had done their duty by their client, whether they had thought him to be innocent or guilty, Esposito would still be under the protection of the Stars and Stripes, and not surrendered to Italy until he was discovered to be, beyond all doubt, the monster that it is alleged he is.

GAUL.**Our Visitors—Who They Are.**

WHAT THEY ARE HERE FOR.

PUCK INTERVIEWS THEM—SPECIAL REPORT

All for 10 Cents.

No vessel that ever had a quarantine officer aboard of it was more anxiously looked for than the steamship "Canada" of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, that had on board the distinguished French visitors who have come to attend the Yorktown Centennial Celebration.

When the great ship was sighted, the lockers of the health-officer's cottage were overhauled for a French flag, which was hoisted over the building.

After tremendous preparations and necessary repairs, four United States men-of-war were made to float temporarily, and succeeded in getting within sight of the "Canada" without accident, although they all tried their level best to reach their haven of rest at the bottom of the sea. The "Lancaster" and "Kearsarge" having got most comfortably and firmly wedged in the sand, their officers and crew piped to prayers to return thanks for their salvation from drowning. The "Vandalia" and "Yantic" were fortunate enough to be enabled to trust themselves out of soundings in consequence of their having an extra supply of life-preservers on board.

Congress will be asked to vote the necessary sum for the purchase of these things. We don't very well see how it can refuse, as France might consider us inhospitable if any of her representatives lost their lives through venturing on board the glorious specimens of naval architecture that constitute our navy.

The distinguished delegation seemed very much surprised and delighted with the appearance of New York; but were rather disappointed when they were told New York was not Yorktown, and that there were still a few good-sized blocks to travel before reaching their destination. It required all the French at the disposal of M. Louis de Bébian, agent of the line, and Mr. Frederick W. Seward, of the reception committee, to explain that the celebration was to take place in Virginia, several hundred miles away from the port of New York.

After marching up Broadway, escorted by the Seventh Regiment, Commandant Lichtenstein, who represents the President of the French Republic, and the Marquis de Rochambeau expressed a desire, in the name of the French people, to know what was the result of the work of the State Convention. Had the Demi-breeds or Stalwarts gained the victory? Did M. Jean Kelli make a good President of the United States and Canada? These important questions had worried them considerably during the voyage, and prevented them from being sea-sick.

They also desired to learn if Lawrence Barrett was playing *Richelieu*; and if so, at what time the first train started for Yorktown? Having received satisfactory answers to these questions, they dispersed to their boarding-houses, in various parts of the city, and heard the minstrelsy of the great American tom-cat, whose moonlight hymns calls forth the iron boot-jack.

A representative of PUCK started out in quest of the Frenchmen after they had landed and the excitement of handshaking was comparatively at an end. He wanted to meet the noted visitors in their native restaurant, untrammeled by diplomatic nonsense, and in a general free-and-easy mood.

After a diligent search he found a number

of them taking dinner in a French restaurant on Wooster Street, one of these places located under a feather-duster factory, with a bad tricolor painted on the window, where a regular dinner and a bottle of wine may be had for a quarter.

When the PUCK man entered, the illustrious visitors were getting down to the tail end of the dinner, were ordering more wine, were making a great deal of noise, and looking like Olivette comedians in their cocked hats.

"Who is that galoot over there?" was first asked of the proprietor.

"That is Commander Lichtenstein; he represents the President of the French Republic."

"I see he does—in spring-bottom pants. What he ought to do is to shoot the horseshoe pin and celluloid cuffs. How old is he?"

"Oh, about fifty," responded the hash-jerker, rubbing his sides at the prospect of a big sale.

"Fifty, eh; in the army?"

"Yes."

"On space or salary?"

"Don't know."

"Pretty good-sized man," went on the reporter. "Do you think he would object to being measured?"

"He might, being pretty strong."

"Yes, he is strong," continued the reporter, dreamily. "I tell you, he'd be a fine specimen to have on a Weehawken market-farm. He could everlasting hammer a mule, or jerk turnips out of the ground. Do you think he could be rented?"

Here the proprietor stepped off to get something, and the conversation was abruptly ended. Then the reporter took a look at them critically. They were well-behaved, as a rule, and didn't eat off their knives, or scratch their necks with their forks, or put their feet on the table while smoking.

The Marquis de Rochambeau is rather an intelligent-looking man, with a banged moustache and ears like coupons. He is statuesque as a cigar-store figure. M. de Coicelle is a grand-nephew of Lafayette, and he sports on it. He has a long Hamlet stride when he feels well, and when he moves along he looks like a pair of six-dollar editorial shears in action.

General Boulanger wears a pair of low-cut shoes, surmounted by a pair of blue-check uppers, and carries a twenty-five cent cane, with a head of Ariadne on the handle. It was presented to him by Cyrus W. Field, who is going to get up a scheme to raise money to give them a surprise frog-dinner. He eats macaroni by the yard, and carries a pet frog in his vest pocket.

These were the important persons in the crowd. The others were the representatives of the Ministry of the Navy and Fine Arts and other understrappers, unworthy of the space which their personnel would occupy, so the reporter didn't write them up, but lit out.

A PRUSSIAN policeman drove a three-inch nail into his own forehead with a curtain-rod. A New York policeman, with his ordinary club, would have obtained the same dénouement on another man's forehead.

THE summer hat is off the cops,
No wren around the door-step hops,
The farmer's yanking in his crops,
The base-ball player's playing stops,
The buckwheat cake our vision tops,
The clerk on wearing dusters drops,
And joy our rosy fancy props
With dreams of sausage and porcine chops.

A VERY enthusiastic meeting of the Woman's Suffrage Party took place last week in Irving Hall. Five cartloads of hairpins were taken the next day from the building.

Puckeyings.

ULSTER Co. is the place that every one wants to get into now.

QUERY—Revised Version: Where was ex-Governor Moses when the light went out? In the Tombs.

Now that the French are with us, all the frogs have retired from business for the remainder of the year.

"OH, dry up!" as Autumn said to the leaf. "I'm not so green as I was," replied the leaf: "so I'll take your advice."

Now that it is too late for boys to go swimming in the river, all the policemen are to be found lying around on the docks.

THE small boy who swapped off his sled for a jack-knife and a base-ball last Spring is now about as sick as any one who can be found outside of a hospital.

If the Italian Government would only mistake Ex-Senator Conkling and John Kelly for Sicilian brigands, and demand their extradition! The Stalwart and Tammany vacancies could soon be filled.

In that stronghold of civil and religious liberty, Germany, the editor of a Berlin newspaper has been fined fifty marks for accusing a Police Commissioner of neglecting his duty. If this were always done here, the income of the city would be so large that taxes could be entirely done away with.

It appears that the Irish lay claim to having discovered North America long before Columbus dreamt of crossing the Atlantic. At least it was so stated by a member of the Americanista Congress at Madrid. Judging by the population of New York, we don't see how anybody can doubt the statement for a moment.

THERE is always so much spoiling of milk with chalk-water in New York and vicinity that, according to the latest most diligent researches of Professor Huxley, the chalk cliffs of Old England's coast will disappear in twenty years, five months, nine days and six and one-half hours.

THE Co-Operative Dress Association of Miss Kate Field has its store now open. Co-operators, subscribers, stockholders and the general public have now the inestimable privilege of buying for cash anything they like, from a corner lot to a jack-knife, at the same price at which it can be bought in non co-operative stores.

IT is fortunate that we have no navy worth talking about. If we had, we shouldn't know where to get respectable officers for it. We don't think that the Annapolis third-class cadets are eligible. They will never shine in the service as gentlemen. Still, this is a free country, and the profession of Bowery rough is always open to them; they have many qualifications for the business.

A "SOCIETY" reporter of a New York paper, in writing about the numerosity of marriages in the Fall, carelessly used the words: "The marriage bells are now in full blast." Immediately he was ordered by the editor-in-chief to report to the "Police Headquarter's Man" of the paper for duty, and he is now considered the most elegant writer on the affairs of Mulberry Street.

THE DESPAIRING DEBTOR
TO THE DISGUSTED DUN.

(After Tennyson—somewhat.)

Ask me no more! The leech may draw my blood,
The kite may stoop from heaven to seize his prey,
The dun, by perseverance, get his pay—
I've answered thee as calmly as I could:
Ask me no more!

Ask me no more! What answer should I give?
I've given thee solid cheeks and played out lie.
Ask me no more! or I may make thee die;
Quick! from thy shadow my poor floor relieve:
Ask me no more!

[LATER.]

Ask me no more! My fate *pro tem.* is sealed!
I strove against the stream. The struggle's o'er;
The cruel sheriff lays on me his paw:
Squeeze not, good sheriff! At a touch I yield.
Ask me no more!

And he lit out—(ex-illuminavit.) P. A.

IRON SOUP.

An attenuated individual with a great affluence of hair, and a soft, seductive smile, gently swaggered into a restaurant down town not more than a week ago, hung his hat on a nail, took a seat, and commenced to drum for the waiter. The latter appeared in due time, and began to brush around the tumblers with a great deal of energy.

The diner ordered some turtle soup, and while he was sipping it, chipped in:

"Pretty good soup this; what's the vintage?"

"Ten A. M.!" replied the waiter, as he prepared to hurl the check down like a boomerang.

"Made of land-turtles?" inquired the festive guy.

"Land-turtles?" repeated the waiter in astonishment.

"Yes, land-turtles," continued the diner: "these big, corpulent, speckled, Punch-nosed reptiles that walk around rye-fields with initials and dates cut on their backs?"

The waiter assured him that he was positive that that was not the brand of turtle employed in the construction of their best soup in the city for ten cents a plate, including a roll.

"No, I suppose it is not," continued the guest: "I suppose it is not; I presume you use these little black, red-spotted specimens that infect woodland brooks and bird-stores at three for a quarter. These little polka-dot rascals that float on corks, chuck full of meditation. I suppose you get them in quantities and open them like Little Neck clams, and spring the result on innocent people for terrapin. Does my intellect light on the scheme?"

The waiter didn't reply, and the guest went on:

"Perhaps you use snapping-turtles. These fellows that grab at anything so hard that it makes them tired. These ignoble beasts that draw the skin over their eyes when you look at them, and who have skin enough for each eye to make a Masonic apron, strings and all, and—"

"We use an iron turtle," broke in the waiter, who was tired of being guyed.

"An iron turtle?"

"Certainly, an iron turtle."

"To make turtle soup?"

"Why, of course; to make turtle soup, not to make lamb stew, or a fricandeau of nightingale's soul, or an epigramme of tapir's kidney."

"But," said the diner, "how do you make soup out of an iron turtle?"

"Why, we wind him up."

"Wind him up?"

"Precisely; he has a key-hole in his back, you wind to your right, until you can't wind any longer. Then you throw him into the soup, and the machinery starts, and he kicks

and splashes round for hours. We have a few eight-day turtles that—"

"But where does the nutriment come from?" inquired the astonished guest in tones of excitement.

"Why, from the ingredients: the calf's head, and the beef, and the carrots, and the lemon."

"Then, what is the use of putting in the turtle?"

"Why, he furnishes the motion."

"What, motion in soup?"

"Of course; we throw him into the soup, and he splashes round with his great paddle feet—"

"To tone the system with iron?"

"Oh, no, just to keep the soup from burning. It's a great deal cheaper to work the turtle than to hire a boy to do the stirring."

Then the out-guyed diner left with a sadful look, as though he had just come down-stairs with some manuscript, and half-a-dozen series of editorial foot-prints all over him.

R. K. M.

A HARD OLD CASE.



CIVIL SERVICE:—"I've signed a good many pledges, but I ain't reformed yet!"

WHAT ARE THEY GOOD FOR?

If you set right in the middle of a long series of political resolutions reported in any one of our E. C.'s the following "pi" (*terminus technicus* for letters mixed up):

f,txeb eslttustinnns. weHae ueulJrt'.gledana pontu,or aioe,rhAwb,ptropfe aefdnrbah, ,iruerneeliffeyat osruespt oljckoo atscrorth stereire roohOseuo laofishhaee nesSwo eiwn nt msernlcoam eetih'seg oaiopoa,c fisbaehc oyhg vlayhlit iytav II-dsth. ynv-d leditrrw Mmaam' du d spso edbi ake esact ethlc rcSii ei. iitr rhq

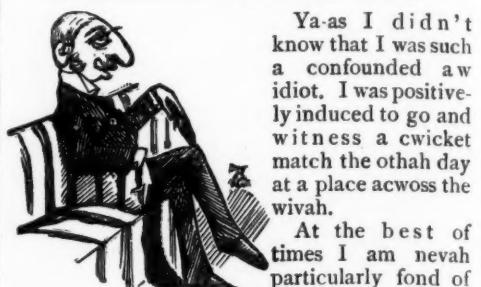
PUCK offers a big bet that not one of all the readers of the paper will notice it.

THE early robins south have fled,
The flowers all will soon be dead,
And clumsy toads will hop not;
Thanksgiving-dinner visions coil
Around the gobbler's head, and spoil
His sanguinary topknot.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CXCIII.

AN INTERNATIONAL CRICKET MATCH.



Ya-as I didn't know that I was such a confounded aw idiot, I was positively induced to go and witness a cwicket match the othah day at a place acwoss the wivah.

At the best of times I am nevah particularly fond of the game; but I weally cahn't understand why I should have taken the twouble to patwonize a match on a day when the wind was boisterous, and the thermometah was not verwy far wemoved fwom tweezing point.

It was Jack, howevah, who persuaded me to show myself on the gwound. "You know," he remarked: "it's the pwopah thing to do. This aw pwofessional English team has come ovah he-ah, and it is our duty to show it some weognition. If we didn't, the men would think that they were being horwibly neglected."

As I couldn't verwy well disagwee with Jack, so I aw went, aftah wapping myself well up in an ulstah. Quee-ah, aw Mrs. Fitznoodle wished to go too; but of course I couldn't dweam of taking her in such unnaturwally fwigid weathah. I think she was wathah glad of it, faw no woman can evah caue faw cwicket, much less an Amerwican cweachah.

I have fwrequently been constwained to smile at the remarks made by ladies that have fallen on my e-ah durwing the pwogress of a cwicket match in "Canterburwy week." I remembah Lady Marwy Wuncorn asking one of the Zingarwi fellaws why the cwicketahs constantly said "ovah," when the match wasn't ovah at all, and I laughed immoderately aw.

This particular twial of stwength was between eighteen membahs of an Amerwican cwicket club, and an eleven fwom Gweat Bwtain.

Amerwicans, as a rule, cannot play cwicket; they don't take kindly to it. The game lasts too long, and takes too much time and twouble. There are, I believe, thrwee or four fellaws in Philadelphia who have given the pastime some little attention, and have made fai-ah pwogress in the differwent bwanches of the amusement, but whenevah any Englishmen meet them they thwash away fwom them without the slightest twouble. This particular team, a day or two befaw, had won a victory ovah the Philadelphia club with the gweatest ease, in aw what is cauled one innings. No othah wesult could have been expected.

I felt extwemely miserwable as I twied to keep my hands warm and take an interwest in what was going on on the aw Hoboken gwound. The St. George's men—for that is the name of the club—were soon polished off for some sixty-five wuns. Then two of the Eng ish team went to the wickets, and aftah they had allowed themselves to wetire faw west, then Midwinter and Ulyett began to dwive the ball all ovah the countwy, and to score twemendously. When the stumps were dwawn, I was considerably relieved, as I felt I had done maw than enough by honoring the pwoceedings with my pwesence, where there are such bwoken down and wough surroundings. I weally have no ide-ah how the match ended, but when I left, it looked verwy much as if the visiting team were going to take a lease of the stumps faw an indefinite perwid aw.

THE QUESTION of the hour: Is your ulster out of hock?

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT IN THE NEAR FUTURE—



IF THE PRESENT FLUSH TIMES CONTINUE MUCH LONGER TO ALLEVIATE THE MISERIES OF THE LABORING CLASSES.

A DOMESTIC TALE.

During the cold snap last week Mr. Brown, of Harlem, started to black his shoes, when his wife interrupted him by saying:

"Why, Algernon, your boots are already blacked and look first-rate."

"I know that perfectly well," he snarled back.

"Well, why don't you leave them alone? Why do you wish to black them again?"

"I'll tell you, if you won't say anything about it to the neighbors."

"I won't," she said, nervously.

"Well, I'm just doing it for the exercise; I want to get warm."

"Really?" she inquired.

"Really," he replied.

"Then," said his wife with a smile of triumph: "you had better pitch in and polish the stove. That needs a shine, and the exercise will not only keep you warm, but do you good; for it will bring all your muscles into play."

"Oh, it will, eh?" yelled her lord, sarcastically, as he turned up his nose until it looked like a pair of opera-glasses."

"Yes, it will," she yelled back: "when you stoop to get at the feet you have rowing; when you get under it to brush the bottom you have swimming; when you scurry around it you have pedestrianism, and when you touch a h t part by mistake, you have your running jump and—"

"Madam," said he, with great dignity: "dry up; I don't want any stove-athletics in mine. I don't want any advice. If I take it into my head to study art, I don't want you to say the best thing for me to do is to take a crack at the wood-pile. I want you to keep your mouth shut—if you can. Do you tumble?"

"Algernon Brown," she screamed as she brought her foot down like a scuttle of coal, and jolted the lap-dog off the sofa, and almost broke up his nervous system: "don't I slave my life out for you?"

"Certainly you do, but how about the buttons you don't sew on tight? The other day the button flew off the back of my shirt, and my collar worked up on the top of my head, and a man down the street asked me where I struck the linen aureole. I had to keep the collar down by holding my ears over it."

"You could do that first-rate," she yelled, triumphantly: "your ears are large enough to hold anything down from a bulldog to a balafoon. If you could get your ears on the circulation of a prosperous paper, you could keep it down so that it would die inside of two weeks."

Then he jumped through the door like a race-horse, while his wife retired to the sofa and suffered the lap-dog with tears.

M.

A man who was leading a goat,
Said: "Billy on green things doth dote;"
But the goat shook his head,
And ere that day had fled
He dined on the man's Sunday coat.

In Australia a fine kangaroo
Concluded to make him a stew,
So he gathered some bones,
And some smooth, shining stones,
And for seasoning, added some glue.

A dolphin once went on a time,
In a sunny and tropical clime,
He lay on the sand,
And with his fins fanned
Himself in a manner sublime. W. F.

FROM BLOOMINGDALE.

BLOOMINGDALE, Oct. 5th, 1881.
To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Inclosed find a very cleverly composed list of a new cabinet. I think any further words in its favor would be utterly unnecessary and thrown away. Here is the list:

For Secretary of Treasury.
JAY GOULD.

For Secretary of War,
LIEUTENANT FLIPPER OR CADET WHITTAKER.

For Attorney-General,
MR. HOWE OR MR. HUMMEL.

For Secretary of the Interior,
WHITELAW REID OR GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

For Secretary of State,
HENRY WARD BEECHER.

For Postmaster-General,
ANTHONY COMSTOCK OR MR. "STAR-ROUTE"
GEORGE BRADY.

For Secretary of the Navy,
MR. ROBESON.

The publication of this list in your valuable paper will be the first step in the right direction to make an end of all the schemes recommended in the papers of every political shade.

PROF. KATZENBUCKELHEIM,
Inventor of the Only Navigable Air-ship.

DURING this and next month corn huskings will agitate the rural mind. It is stated that the man who finds a red ear is at liberty to kiss any girl in the party. Spilkins states that he has a little girl whom he kisses whenever he pleases, and the great charm of it, he claims, is that he doesn't have to do any husking.

A RANDOM RHAPSODY.

"Xerxes did die,
And so must I."
—*New England Primer*.

Over the Styx,
Will oil and water mix?
Will Bridget Brady
And my lady
Still keep a little shady,
When they meet, face to face,
In space?
Will a scamp
Of a tramp
Have wings and things,
And hold an ever-burning lamp,
While he sings?
Will he be pure as little Fanny Freer,
Who was drowned last year?
Would you bet a hat
There'll be any use for a Democrat
In Heaven? Wouldn't it bear on
Old Charon
Too heavily, to ferry one over
Into clover?
And will brogue
Really be in vogue
Where opal-amber clouds of Paradise
Float and rise?
Will long lost "h's" hang
From swaying boughs
Where sainted jackdaws browse
With song as sweet as Nilsson ever sang?
Will the sad ghosts
In gloomy hosts
The old inanities rehearse
Of Tupper's perished verse?
Oh! what would reimburse
Departed souls for hearing Tupper,
Even after an ambrosial supper?
Do you think a Jerseyman
Will ever scan
The holy houri ballet
Periodically
Dancing down the valley,
In the Regions of the Blest,
Seraphically drest?
Do you think the nectar
Of a spectre
Really will be good to drink?
Don't it seem a trifle flat
After Pommery and that
Sort of tipple?
Will it ripple
Down the hillside in a stream,
As you've seen it in a dream?
Are there breweries in Heaven?
Do the Saints arise at seven?
Are the children forced to stay
In the nursery night and day?
Do they play
Cricket and croquet
In the milky way?
Shall I have to ask
For the Man in the Iron Mask?
Or will I know him?
And will Junius rank above him
Or below him?
If I meet with Shakspere then
In the air
Shall I love him?
Does he walk with any one but Keats
In the streets?
And tell me, if you please,
Will Béranger lie at ease
Under ever-flowering trees?
Will Sappho sing a solo,
And Byron play at polo
With Aristophanes?
Will Cleopatra's wings be tiny?
Does she get on well with Phryne?
Won't dear old Theocritus
Make a fuss
When Tennyson arrives,
With his sweets from Syracusan hives?

UNNECESSARY PRECAUTIONS.



JOHN KELLY:—L'ETAT C'EST MOI, AND I'M THE STATE TOO, I'LL HAVE YEZ TO ONDHERSHTAND. KAPE OUT, YE MURTHEIN' SPALPEENS!

Will barrels there be seen
In the area?
Will Carlyle take quinine
For malaria?
Will Napoleon sniff a violet,
And Villon trill a triolet?
And poor Charles Baudelaire—
What demeanor will he wear?
Won't the talk of Lamb and Hood
Be particularly good?
And when the evening thickens,
And the eye of Dickens quickens,
As Thackeray and Hunt
Come strolling to the front,
Will not the scintillations
Of the different conversations
Be especially bright?
Will not Juvenal and Swift
Very naturally drift
Together,
Bound by humor's sturdy tether?
I shall love to see
With whom old Horace roams,
Waiting for Holmes.
Won't he very likely stray
With Molière or Rabelais,
Or, discussing Euthanasia,
With Aspasia?
Will the little girls and boys,
For their mirth,
Use those very pretty toys
Known as creeds upon the earth?
And will Buddha and Mahomet
Watch the orbit of a comet?
And Confucius and Joe Smith
Discuss the incarnation myth,
And get up a cachinnation
Over transubstantiation?
Won't the priests of all the gods—
Too many by all odds
To be named—
Be a little bit ashamed
They defamed
Each other so
Here below?
Won't they wonder, when they're schooled
In cosmology,
They could have been so fooled
By theology?
Will they not rejoice with fervor strong
They all were wrong?

C. C. STARKWEATHER.

'Tis getting cold; the skies are drab,
And not until next year we'll grab
Our walking-sticks, and rudely jab
Into the sand the soldier-crab.

FREE-LUNCH.

THE New York *Star* is responsible for the statement that the first criticism on seeing Rossi will be *il fatto*. It is only proper to add that a just criticism on seeing the average actor would be *il hamfatto*.

A very-first-night young man,
A beer-twixt-the-acts-young man,
A dreamy Homerical,
Trinity clerical,
Cocktail-at-morn young man.

By Christmas-time there will be at least a dozen Hinglish lords here, and the New York "solitaire stud young man" is in a high state of anxiety and excitement at the prospect of exhibiting his cheap Anglomaniacaal manners before the genuine article.

A feet-on-the-desk young man,
A tip-your-chair-back young man,
A rather Byronical,
Austin Dobsonical,
Rhyme-on-the-spot young man.

No, gentle Bandoline, we do not regard the person you mention as the Bismarck of this great and glorious country. No doubt he is ponderous in his way, is an unmuzzled pundit, and can jerk a sonnet on any given subject while you wait; but he is not our Bismarck. Our biz-mark is as follows: \$.

A two-for-a-cent young man,
A calico-shop young man,
Very egotistical,
Protestant-Episcopal,
Dry-goods store young man.

THE SWEEPERS of a good many down-town "theatres" will be glad to hear that the wholesale price of peanuts has advanced from 4½ to 8 cents per pound, with still an upward tendency, as in consequence thereof the "patrons" of these resorts most probably will reduce their former rations of this delicate fruit by one-half.

Now the small boy goes a gunning
In the woodland turning dun,
And he whistles loud and merry,
For his soul is full of fun;
But his whistle ends abruptly,
And he looks demure and glum
When he gazes on the mosses
At his sanguinary thumb.

TO A LANDLADY.

Why is it that none speak of you with joy,
You clumsy, greasy matron, old and fat?
It is because your chowder you alloy
With rubber boots—the cheapest kind at that.

Is it because you smell of kitchen steam,
And on the sadness of your boarders dote?
Or are you guilty of that nameless scheme
That for prime mutton substitutes the goat?

Ah, me, alack, Bismillah, scat, god wot,
Methinks I tumble to your little game;
I know why through all seasons, cold and hot,
No poet breathes warm praises round your name:
It's all because you move, with growl and whoop,
While all the world proclaims you wild and rash,
Between the Scylla of imperfect soup
And the Charybdis of improper hash!

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

FIRST RHODOMONTADE.

The Grand Duke didn't want war. It spoiled the troops. The Astor Library shall not be opened after 4 o'clock. It spoils the books—the gaslight does. And so seventy readers is a big day for the Astor; and the readers are the studious youth of the metropolis, who exercise the excellent stud of the institution (*pone me*), a few spectacled commentators on the iota subscript, and some advanced ladies, who are not sufficiently quite to pay for English editions of the last utterances in verse.

Then there's the Cooper. "You can't get in without a ticket," says the Raphaëlitic cherub at the door. "And where shall I get a ticket?" "At the office." "And when is your office open?" "From nine till five." "And so is mine."

We all know who learned to win from being beaten. These people profess to be the enemies of drinking-places. Can they gather nothing from their history of defeat? At any place along 14th Street, from 3rd to 7th Avenue, I can get in at any time before midnight—without a ticket. I need not begin to drink the moment I enter, on pain of suspicious glare; I need not talk in whispers—though I will not be allowed to make a noise; and I need not damn and disown my boots for squeaking; I can place my feet on the round of the next chair, and my head can nod without having a white cotton finger on my shoulder and a ruffian brogue in my ear. Beyond all, I can smoke, and if I may not "turn the round world over with my hands, reading those poets' rhymes," the twirl of a cunning bow will send it as far as the Prater or les Variétés, the better country, the upper day of Genée, Suppé, Audran; and my three beers will not cost as much as the sensation of being turned away from the door of a literary almshouse. Know, O man, that in this windy world, when your *pro quo* is nothing, your *quid* will be the same. Three is something in the nature of man that finally precludes him from giving unrestringly. He must, somehow, have the obligation registered. Verily, all flesh is pork. Know it, O man, and cross Astor Place and pay for your books as you do for your beer.

A propos, of white cotton fingers, the Finest are not all Cossacks of the Don, or even Croats. Herode and Blazius were coming down Bad Avenue one night last Summer. Blazius had long lost his personality, and his personality was following suit. None of his money, of course, had got below 34th Street. His cane had been scared into the 25th Street gutter by the electric lights at that corner, and an invaluable but dangerous hammock hat had left his sconce beneath the 23rd Street L station. At 16th Street he called a halt. He would go no further.

"Ware cops!" said Herode.

In vain the warning—and pretty soon 1398

sautered up and proceeded to extract Blazius from the sewer grating. Herode is, as you know, a man of ideas, with a big I.

"See here, Mr. Officer," he remarked: "if I know the precincts, the nearest station is the Eighth, in Charles Street. Now, by assisting us to Thirteenth Street you will save steps for yourself and trouble for us."

And 1398, like a judicious collection of numerals, followed the advice, and shouldered them home, and, as they allege, put them to bed.

"But how the deuce," said Herode, doubtfully: "did he know which side I slept on?"

"May he die an Inspector," he concluded relating the story.

"You fool," said Blazius: "may he be promoted to the command of the 29th, and then—I don't want any orange in this time. You may give me one to eat if you wish; but a sour should have lemon in it."

But most of the Finest are Cossacks. I could multiply instances of their methods of government in our Bulgaria; but one is enough, and here it is:

On one of those nights which we miss somehow—the nights when there was yet hope, and we watched the Madison Square bulletin—I saw a Grayback tormenting a drunken fellow on a bench in the square. The sot was utterly mastered by his potations. His head would droop, and Grayback would pull his ear until he woke and swore, then he would grow limp again, and so on *ad infinitum*. Finest all the while evidencing the contemptuous enjoyment of a *blasé* monarch in the amusement of the spectators and the drunkard's discomfort—of a monarch of a lion-tamer rather. His whole manner said: Who but I, backed by my commissioners, my inspectors, my justices, my captains, may use the ear of an American citizen as doth a child the tempting tail of the abused house kitten? Who?

I used to envy the Lardydahs. I saw them stand around the doorway in magnificent repose. I heard them talk about the \$60 overcoats they were going to have built for winter, and I said: Who shall stand—who shall abide in the sight of a man whose outer envelope is nigh thrice more costly than his own? They did not wine much, neither did they beer. It did not strike me as strange. I thought, if I thought of it at all: So, aerated cider at \$3.50 per dishonest quart, and punches of vitriol and water, retailed as ponies of French brandy at 25 cents a hoof, may be too cheap for them. Who knows? Cleopatra drank a pearl, and, according to Makant, her clothes were no finer and certainly fewer than those of Lardydah dom.

But one night Serafina introduced me to a friend of the Marquis, and I thought of Emerson's essay, and how beautifully he exalts courage of the head, which somebody—it's either Eugene Sue or George MacDonald—the devil or Gabriel debases, and so, though my knees trembled as they did at my first Rhetorical, I asked him to drink, thinking shiveringly of champagne cocktails for three.

He smiled unctuously, and said:

"Aw thank yeh; but I would take a glass of beer—but I have a friend here who wouldn't like to see me drink alone."

And yet I didn't take; but Serafina winked and said:

"Perhaps your friend will drink?"

I saw the friend's ears prick up as he stood abstractedly apart, and we smiled. Serafina smiled at my ignorance, and I smiled at the cheapness of my enlightenment. And thereupon the Curate's Daughter told a story of an adventure in the Land of Lardydahdom, which may be contained, an't please you, in some further Rhodomontade of

CAPTAIN FRACASSE.

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

A C. C. N. Y. young man,
A rhetoric prize young man;
A first in a class o' nine,
Y. M. C. Asinine,
Rise-at-the-Bar young man.

A. E. W.

Now the straw hat with a whang
On the floor we gayly bang,
Or permit it in the closet
Like a piece of bacon hang;
And the poodle may be found
Running smilingly around,
For he knows the season's ended
Of the muzzle and the pound.

Now the angler's joys amass
As he lies upon the grass,
And, his soul a-dream with whiskey,
Yanks the everlasting bass.

And the leaves begin to turn
Red and yellow and adjourn,
While the goat gets in his fine work
On the sumach and the fern.

'Tis now the leaflets gold and red
Are used to make the cow a bed.

My nose is red,
My lips are blue;
The wind, like a knife,
Goes through and through.

SEE WORCESTER.

There was a gallant named De Veau,
Who said to his love: "I'll be treau,
Though oceans us peart,
We'll never lose heart;"
And they bade each other adeau.

A vicious old tramp, yclept Earl,
Said "His brain was'n a terrible whearl,
Under the influence of liquor
He felt as though he'd kicquor."
The brute! to talk thus to a gearl.

A maid, sent to carry a vase,
Started off with a most cheerful faze,
But stumbled and fades
Exclaiméd: "Oh, Hades!
This is a very unfortunate case!"

A remarkable politician from Troy
Had a habit of saying: "What do yer soy?"
When an athlete standing by
Beautifully blackened his y,
And said: "How do you like that, mer boy?"

DUSENBURY No. II.

A festive and gay Esquimaux,
Being tired of ice and snaux,
Grew sick, sad and pale,
And did wearily wale:
"To the United States I must gaux."

There was an old person of Aix,
Who died on the fifteenth of Maix;
But excitement was rife
When the corpse came to life
And shrieked out: "Don't give me awaix!"

There was a young man of Mauch-Chunk,
Who a fortune in studying lauch sunk:
He went down to Brighton
His sorrows to lighton
* * * * *

The police found him on the shauch drunk.
J. C. W.



A PRESIDENTIAL
WHAT MR. ARTHUR MUST ENDURE

P.
K.



PRESIDENTIAL CONJUROR.
MUST SATISFY ALL THE POLITICIANS.

AMUSEMENTS.

We have already had one month of the Hanlon-Lees at ABBEY'S PARK THEATRE, and we are quite ready for a second.

It is the old, old story at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE: "The Professor," "The Professor," "The Professor" and "The Professor."

The perennial Lester Wallack is now enjoying the applause of the Brooklynites at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE in "Ours" and "My Awful Dad."

Last night the Audran Opéra Comique Company produced "The Snake Charmer," which Mr. F. A. Schwab obtained from the composer, and brought over with him from Paris.

There is no more delightful way of spending an evening than at KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL, to listen to Mlle. Julia de Bertrand's "Lady Orchestra," with beer accompaniments, and the Rainer family of Tyrolean warblers, who are sextuply encored.

The Italians are getting altogether too much advertising. They are just beginning to show us how to act, and putting us entirely out of conceit of those histrionic gods at whose feet it has been our wont to fall down and worship. Salvini commenced the business, and now comes Rossi, who has set the culchawed Bostonians wild with admiration.

In "'49" Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE have a play which may prove as profitable to them as was "The Danites." It does not matter who wrote it, although Mr. Joaquin Miller is said to claim the authorship, which Mr. McKee Rankin stoutly denies. There is nothing either new or original in "'49," and it is not neatly constructed; but it is quite strong enough to run.

When we set out for prophecy, we always do it thoroughly. Consequently, the STANDARD THEATRE is nightly crowded to overflowing. And why should it not be so? "Patience" will soon be as well known as another of the works of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan which shall be nameless. No well-regulated young woman who has ever painted a pot can afford to miss seeing and hearing this triumph of aestheticism, and her soulful-eyed young man ought to lose no time in taking her.

There is a live elephant at the popular WINDSOR THEATRE, and the immediate cause of his presence at this very popular house is the fact that the Kiralfy Brothers, who are peerless in the line of stage spectacles, are producing "Around the World in Eighty Days" there this week in grand style. A young fellow of our acquaintance named PUCK put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes. The Kiralfys use Philadelphia time, and do it in three hours. (The curtain rises at eight.)

Edwin Booth opened his engagement at BOOTH'S in "Richelieu." It is decidedly the best of his impersonations. Never was there a more enthusiastic audience in the theatre. Miss Bella Pateman's *Julie de Mortimart* is worthy of high praise. Mr. Booth has also played, during the week, *Macbeth* and *Othello*. On Monday, Tuesday and Saturday nights he was announced to appear in "The Fool's Revenge," and to-night and Thursday, and a Saturday matinée, as *Hamlet*. The supporting company is by no means as strong as it might be.

At the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, Mr. Lawrence Barrett is giving a round of his characters. Mr. Barrett's *Richelieu* is very much inferior to that of Mr. Booth, and it is unfortunate, for Mr. Barrett's sake, that he should appear at the same time. Mr. Barrett's acting does not improve. He is an actor of emphasis, and he catches his breath a great deal too often to be pleasant to an audience. There is no delicate shading in his manner of expression. He simply raises and lowers his voice. The support is not strong, but adequate. "Hamlet," "Merchant of Venice," "Yorick's Love," "David Garrick" and "Julius" are to be produced this week.

Mr. Frederick A. Schwab is the business manager of the Musical Festival which is to be given next May, under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas, and has engaged Madame Amalia Materna as the principal soprano. Perhaps there is no living artist who is better qualified for the position. She is thoroughly identified with the Wagnerian school, and is a singer of the very highest order, especially in classical music. Her voice is of unusual volume, compass and sustaining power. Madame Materna made her first stage appearance at Gratz in 1864. She has sung with great success in "L'Africaine" in the Vienna Imperial Opera House, and earned a world-wide reputation at the Wagner Festival in Bayreuth by her performance in the "Nibelungen Ring." In England she has also achieved triumphs, and is to fill the leading rôle in "Parsifal," in Bayreuth, in August next.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett's new comedy at DALY'S THEATRE, entitled "Americans Abroad," proved a great disappointment to everybody. After the good work of this gentleman, as exhibited in "A False Friend" and "Our First Families," it was reasonable to expect something which, if not equal to these, would at least have certain

SOME GARDEN-SASS.



let us seek a
On yonder
hot; I choke
Come beau—you come by

As pair o' gushing
beneath
a dish
or a

happy
melancholy
care at all
And I've

at eight o'clock
take rest
salary
cabbage

spunk indeed
Grew barbarous
There's been a
(They cream ate chew then)

take a liquid
beats
liquid bumper slays

turn up
scornful—squashed
man go
a snip

H. C. DODGE.

merit. In "Americans Abroad," there is little or none, and the play was received by the first-night's audience with indifference. The dialogue is occasionally bright and clever; but as a dramatic work, "Americans Abroad" is valueless. Mr. Fawcett calls it a comedy of international contrasts; but we fail to recognize in the exaggerated and conventional types anything in the nature of international contrast. Dramatic authors who lay their scenes in foreign countries should have a good knowledge of those countries, and the manners and customs of their inhabitants. Mr. Daly's company did all that was possible with the speeches that were allotted to them. The play was well mounted.

One of the most convenient theatre ticket offices in town is that of Brentano's, at 5 Union Square. Seats can be secured there one week in advance.

Answers for the Authors.

HASLTINE.—She is very preciously too.

J. E. W., Morristown, N. J.—Your verses would be very good indeed if they were built up about a little soldier idea. They are good, anyway, and might easily be given a bit more "deadness."

NEDDY.—You can't "See Worcester," young man. Worcester can see you and go you several better. Your rhymes ought to bear some vague relation to the original. You might as well try to rhyme "Williamson" and "gangrene."

X. CRUCIATING.—We don't think you will do as a contributor to this paper. The kind of humor that you go in for isn't appreciated around here. But there is a fine future open to you as an undertaker, or a purveyor of minstrel jokes and obituary verses, or a corpse.

BOGUS "SPOOPENDYKE."—You may see the humor in using a respectable journalist's *nom de plume* to sign a communication that would send you to states-prison; but if we find out your real name you will stand a good chance of being funny in the Tombs, and doing a humorous act before a jury.

C. II., Boston.—We like to be asked scientific questions. We keep a scientist tied up in the back-yard, ready to answer just such queries as you have put to us. But he broke loose last night and went on the war-path. When last seen he was striking out for Boston. He is six feet two inches high, disagreeable in disposition, and has been irritated for many years by the infliction of questions such as yours. If you meet him, ask him anything you want to know.

LITERARY NOTES.

The October number of *Potter's American Monthly* contains the usual good number of interesting articles, and is profusely illustrated.

"The Japanese Fairy World" contains pretty stories from the wonder-lore of Japan by William Elliott Griffis. The publisher is James H. Barhyte of Schenectady.

Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann's new publication, FICTION, continues to improve from week to week. It is difficult to say what lofty eminence of perfection it will yet reach.

"Sabine's Falsehood" is by the Princess Olga, and is published by Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. A story by a princess ought to be very good, especially when it is described as a charming love story; but we can't say anything about it, as we have not yet read it.

Some time ago we credited to Mr. R. J. Burdette a poem called "The Mad, Mad Muse." Mr. Burdette wrote to us to say that the poem in question is not by him. Our careless literary editor has lost the letter and the name of the real author. If we ever find out who he is, he shall know that a wreath of immortality awaits him at this office.

Mr. Moses King, of Cambridge, Mass., has published a neat pamphlet called "The Poet's Tributes to Garfield," being a collection of poems written for the Boston *Daily Globe*, and some of the best of those that have appeared in other periodicals and newspapers. The names of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Joaquin Miller, John Boyle O'Reilly, Julia Ward Howe appear in the list. The pamphlet also contains a portrait and a biography of the late President.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers have sent us a number of books, all of more or less value and interest. There is "Gliddon's Ancient Egypt," which has more hieroglyphics in it than one can shake a stick at. There is "Monsieur, Madam and the Baby," a charming book by Gustave Droz, and fairly well translated by Reavel Savage. There is "The Exiles," by Victor Tissot and Constant Amére, transmogrified into English by George D. Cox. And, of course, there is a novel by the wonderful Mrs. Southworth, the name of which has just left our memory without leave.

The following numbers of PUCK will be bought at this office, No. 21 & 23 Warren Street, at TEN CENTS per copy: Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 24, 25, 26, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 47, 48, 50, 53, 56, 78, 79, 80, 82, 83, 94, 105, 106, 107, 108, 114, 117, 121.

WHILE THEY PLAYED TRES JOLIE.

Shimmer of gems in each shell-like ear,
Shimmer of satin or black brocade
(I marvel much that it is not clear
In which of these she was last arrayed);
At her creamy throat there was yellow lace,
That a little gold dog-whip held in place.
Wicked and lithesome and sweet,
From sleek head to small feet,
From the soft brown fringe at her broad, low brow
From the kerchief clinging her neck about;
But it comes to my brain, and goes not out—
I wonder where is my lady now?

For she danced so hard and she danced so fast,
In the latest waltz of her latest ball
(Did she dream at all that it was the last?)
She fell from my arms. But the dead so fall;
And I knew of a pang 'neath the red and white,
As of blade behind by the shoulders sped,
With its tip twice turned in the heart. In fright
They shrieked and crowded and stared and fled—

Fled from me and what Death made mine.
The flute's wild treble, the drum's mad whirr
Ceased. In the vast, bare waxen shine
Three of us—I, with Death and her.

Diamond shimmer in shell-like ear;
But the gray-green gems of her eyes unrayed
Till my bosom chilled with a frosty fear,
And shame of being of her afraid.
There was yellow lace at her throat so fair,
A little gold dog-whip held it there;
Saintly and stark and sweet,
From sleek head to small feet,
From the fringe I kissed at her broad, low brow;
From the throat, and kissed with the lace about;
Then it came to my brain—it will ne'er go out—
I wonder where is my lady now?

A. E. WATROUS.

MARRIED MISERIES.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCC, BY ARTHUR LOT

No. XIII.—*Croquet.*

THINK that I have told you all about our next-door neighbors; in fact, I'm quite sure that I have. Well, our next-door neighbor's wife's sister, a charming young lady with enticing black eyes and curls, made our next-door neighbor a visit; and, as we were quite intimate with our neighbor, why, we naturally saw his visitor quite often.

One evening, at our tea-table, this young lady remarked:

"Mr. Lot, I want you to join our croquet-club, and play with us. We have hired fine grounds, and we commence proceedings tomorrow."

"But I am not quite sure that I care to play," replied I.

"I won't take no for an answer," said she: "You must join."

Now, I must confess that it is very pleasant to be urged to do anything by such a charming person. The way in which she showed her white teeth, flashed her black eyes, and shook her raven curls, would have melted the stoniest heart; and I may as well admit at once that my heart is not stony. In fact I think that, as far as the other sex is concerned, I am very much of an Irishman, and that it might be truly said of me:

"Oh, Love is the soul of a true Irishman;
He loves all that's lovely, loves all that he can."

It's lucky that Mrs. Lot does not possess a jealous disposition. Excellent woman! she has not a jealous fibre in her constitution; the yellow monster will never make a disciple of her. She does not seem to fear that my affections will vary even in the slightest degree, though, if the truth be told, I give her opportunities enough to imagine that. My raven-haired charmer, finding that I did not answer, added:

"Besides, Mr. Lot, I can tell from your looks that you will make a real good player."

The cunning girl! And yet she sipped her tea as calmly and complacently as if she had not given us a specimen of her acuteness.

"But," said I, "I don't know anything about the game."

"Oh," said she, "I'll teach you."

"Then I strike my flag at once, and surrender at discretion."

On the following day, Mrs. Lot declined to accompany us, and so our next-door neighbor's visitor and I went to the field together. When we reached the grounds we found that a game was in progress. We watched the game for a short time, and then, my irrepressible curiosity becoming overpowering, I pulled up one of the stakes to see what the bottom of it looked like. At this the captain became very much enraged, and requested me to replace it. In the next game I played, and, as I failed to put my ball through the first arch, the field rang with shouts of "A booby! a booby!" I looked over the grounds for the individual thus shouted at, and, I confess, it was not until after the expiration of four or five minutes that I discovered that I was a "booby." However, I played on manfully and endeavored to do my share of the work. I tried vainly to discover the meaning of a croquet and a roquet, and that mystery of mysteries, a roquet-croquet. I was continually laboring under the delusion that I was a rover, and my ball had an insane way of getting in the neighborhood of our opponents. When the game ended I was still pegging away at the third arch, vainly endeavoring to persuade my ball, which seemed to be as obstinate as a donkey, that its noblest duty on earth was to go through that arch. We walked home in the twilight in a meditative mood.

"Isn't it fun, Mr. Lot?" said my fair companion.

"Not when viewed from the third arch, Miss Hattie."

"Why, didn't you enjoy it?" queried she.

"To tell you the truth," replied I: "I'm opposed to croquet, opposed to it on principle. It leads to so much wickedness."

"Now you're joking," said she.

"Joking!" exclaimed I: "I never was more serious in my life."

"What do you mean?" said she.

"Why, look at this," replied I: "the captain very improperly calls you Hat."

"Well, I don't object," interrupted she.

Not heeding her interruption, I continued:

"Now you were playing with the black ball, and when it was your turn to play, you happened to be talking to me. The captain cried out, 'Black,' but you did not hear him, so he screamed out at the top of his voice, 'Black—Hat!'"

"Was that so very sinful?" inquired she simply.

"Do you suppose," asked I: "that they would have called a lady a black-hat in our grandfather's days? As I was using the green ball, I was compelled to keep on the watch constantly, for fear that I should be called a green-Lot."

"Would that have been so very far out of the way?" said she, laughing.

Paying no attention to her remarks, I went on: "Besides, it leads to bad temper. See how enraged the captain became when I lifted up the stake."

"And he was right," said she: "you shouldn't have done that."

"Besides, it leads to disregard for the feelings of others," said I: "when I failed to pass through the first arch they deliberately called me a 'booby.'"

"Well so you were," said she.

"Perhaps so," replied I: "I admit the probability of the charge, but, even if they knew it to be a fact, why should they have bawled it in my ear? Furthermore, your friend Miss Pippin insulted me."

"Did she?" said she: "I am so sorry."

"Yes," added I: "when I remarked that the grass was too long, she actually asked me if I couldn't bite it off."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Hattie.

"But I floored her."

"Did you really?" said she: "I'm so glad. How did you do it?"

"Why, I replied to her question as follows: 'Mademoiselle, I am not Nebuchadnezzar.'"

Miss Hattie laughed vigorously; but, suspecting that her laughter was slightly sarcastic, I continued my remarks:

"Besides, croquet leads to cheating."

"Now, you are severe, Mr. Lot," said she: "surely I didn't cheat."

"But I think you did, Miss Hattie. Not to be personal, though, I saw charming young girls, prospective ribs, actually push their balls nearer to the arches; and worse, a thousand times worse, I saw them, with their syren smiles and dainty words, tempt young gentlemen to do the same thing for them."

"Oh, that's nothing," said she: "we all do that."

"Yes, and you all flirt, too. That's an abominable practice, and croquet encourages it," said I.

"Ah, I see," replied she: "you are angry because I left you to talk to other gentlemen. How could I help it? I must be sociable. And besides, you know, you are married and I like you ever so much, if Mrs. Lot doesn't object."

As Mrs. Lot doesn't object, I gently insinuated that she might like me as much as she pleased. By that time we had reached our homes, and I found the wife of my bosom sitting by the front window.

"Oh, Mrs. Lot," cried Hattie: "we have had such a pleasant time, and your husband has been so jolly and amusing on the way home."

Jolly and amusing! I had intended to be eminently instructive. Thus do we throw away our wisdom on young ladies.

"And you'll go on Friday, won't you, Mr. Lot?" said she.

"I think not, Miss Hattie," said I.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said she.

"Never mind," said my wife: "I'll go and take him with me."

That's the way Mrs. Lot always settles difficulties. I suppose she desires to make a perpetual booby of me.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

Pulled from the breast, squeezed from the bottle,
Stomachs will sour and milk will curdle;
Baby hallelujah all that night,
Household bumping heads in awful fright.
Don't deny, 'twas thus with Victoria,
Night was hideous without CASTORIA;
When colic left; for peaceful slumber,
All said their prayers and slept like thunder.

FICTION is the name of a weekly, the first number of which appeared on Monday. As its name implies, it will only print stories, but these may be either long or short. In this issue there are three which will be continued in the next, while two are complete. The new venture is under the auspices of a coterie of clever young *littérateurs* and journalists and of the publishers of PUCC, and if enterprise and good taste can achieve success, FICTION is sure to do so. Its appearance is exceedingly neat, and the contents indicate that it aims to reach the best class of readers. All the stories are original, and the conductors promise that they shall always be so, and also that nothing of an objectionable character shall ever be admitted. In size, it consists of thirty-two quarto pages, printed on heavy white paper. It certainly deserves to meet with every encouragement from the public, and there is little doubt that it will receive it.—*New York Daily Graphic*.

The following numbers of PUCC will be bought at this office, No. 21 & 23 Warren Street, at TEN CENTS per copy: Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 24, 25, 26, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 47, 48, 50, 53, 56, 78, 79, 80, 82, 83, 94, 105, 106, 107, 108, 114, 117, 121.

ADOLESCENT IMPIETY.

The church was still, the sermon long. The air Heavy with scent of hay, stole in the door Thrown open wide, round which the brier fair Clustered in rosy fragrance. On the floor The crimsoned sunbeams lay, and one soft glow

Thrown by the pictured pane, fell dim around A golden curly head, hung sleepy low, A baby angel with a halo crowned.

A childish voice begins, "See pretty light!" Then mother's whisper: "Hush, for God is here, This is God's house, my darling." Then the bright

Blue eyes look questioning, until the clear Sweet voice says plaintively, while drowsy blink The little orbs—"God talks too much, I think!"

—Geo. D. Bayard, in *Brooklyn Eagle*.

THE sign "Beware of Pickpockets" is placed at the Niagara Falls depot. It is mighty rough on the hackmen, though warranted by the facts. Of course fewer visitors would get swindled if the sign read "Beware of Hackmen," many persons not being aware that the terms are synonymous until after they leave Niagara.—*Phil. Bulletin*.

"DE BANJO—YUM! If you want my dog—my hoss my house an' lot, play me de banjo an' keep time wid yer fut. I spect de music of angelic harps am sweet an' soft an' dreamy; but if dey want to keep us cull'd folks satisfied up dar, a leetle mo' banjo an' a leetle less harp am de fust prescription."—*Brother Gardner*.

THE Niagara Falls *Gazette* advertises the finding of a pocketbook in the streets of that village. As it was empty, the chances are that the owner had hired a hack for half an hour, and then, having no further use for the pocketbook, threw it away.—*Exchange*.

THE boy who has been lively as a cricket all summer suddenly shows a predilection for headache at the first sound of the school-bell.—*Toronto Grip*.

THERE are eighteen "greatest living Topsys" on the American stage, with the backwoods of Michigan yet to be heard from.—*Boston Post*.

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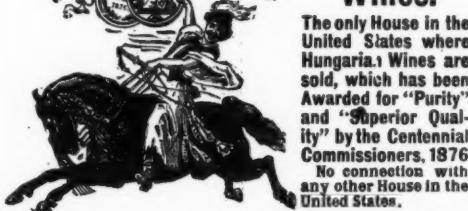
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SAID he: "And you love me better than all the world beside?" "Yes," said she. "And you love me better than anybody else?" said he. "Yes, dearest." "And you wouldn't think any more of me if I was worth a million dollars?" Said she: "No; and if I was a rich heiress you wouldn't want to marry me any more than you do now?" "No, darling." They were not lying, gentle reader; they were simply courting, that was all.—Exchange

A CHICAGO writer, wishing to be as helpful as possible to the new administration, earnestly advises the President to take off those side whiskers and give us a goatee.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"IGNORANCE" writes to ask us if buttress is the feminine of butter?—Yonkers Gazette.

[Wausau Centr'l Wisconsin]

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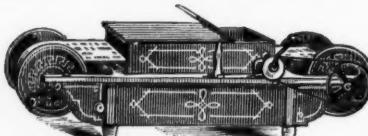
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NEVER press a truthful child to tell all it knows. Mrs. Marrowfat's little Aristides was late for dinner, at which there happened to be that day several ladies of the church sewing circle, and as soon as he made his appearance she addressed him sharply:

"Where have you been, sir?"

"Mother," responded the veracious boy: "I cannot tell a lie; I found some rabbits' eggs and I've been setting them under the old hen." —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THERE'S a woman on Upperten Avenue with a son whose ears stand out from his head like wings, at right angles, and when his fond mamma takes him to the photographer for a picture, she fastens them back to his head with little pieces of shoemaker's wax.—*Boston Transcript.*

AT THE Norwalk fair is exhibited a machine for hatching eggs. Last year it hatched out five thousand chickens. That's all right; but what we want to see is a machine that will hatch out chickens under eleven years of age for boarding-house pies.—*Hawkeye.*

FICTION, in one of its latest stories, "Love in a Castle," describes Prince Leopold as a "sickly-looking, priggish young man." He belongs, no doubt, to the sick semper tyrannis family.—*Andrews's Am. Queen.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank where the defaulting cashier is now cooking up his abbreviated balances.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

[Mt. Clemens, (Mich.) True Record.]

W. T. Lee, Esq., of this paper says: Being convinced of the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in curing rheumatism, I have no hesitancy in recommending it.

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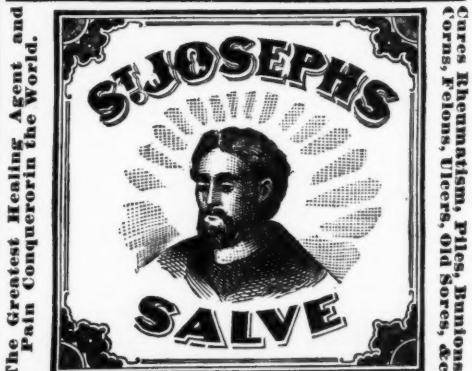
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As the good ship keeled over on her mizzen poop, breached to, went aback and luffed the bilge, Daring Davy leaped over the sheets of flame that poured from her lee futtocks and wrapped the after bowsprit in its fiery embrace, and, placing a cutlass in his teeth, bounded overboard.

The lurid light illuminated the inky storm swept waste for miles around, and he could see at the distance of four miles the streaming golden hair and heaven raised blue eyes of Milly Morningglory, the skipper's daughter, as she clung to the slats of a chicken coop that every moment threatened to disappear beneath the tremendous billows. (In the Adriatic the waves are often fifteen and a quarter feet high. See Appendix.) Davy has scarcely made a dozen vigorous strokes, when the frigate blew up with a tremendous shock, like the banging of a picnic car door. The blazing mainmast fell directly on top of the young hero's head and carried him down to the bottom of the raging sea. To cut himself loose from the rigging was but the work of a moment, and as he rose to the surface again, the juvenile mineralogist tore a small piece of rock from the reef on which he stood and placed it in his pocket. On emerging he examined the fragment.

"It is a coral reef," he exclaimed, "and this is the work of those wonderful insects, the tiny masons of the sea." (See Appendix.)

Davy had gained another mile in his progress toward the hen-coop when he descried rushing toward him the huge dorsal fin of a gigantic shark. As the hideous monster turned over and opened its yawning jaws to seize him, the intrepid boy could plainly discern its sixteen blood-curdling rows of celluloid teeth and yellow belly with bluish spots.

"It is the true man-eating yellow jack of the tropics," said the young pirate, feeling in his pea-jacket for a glass bomb, "the species classified by Audubon as the *piscis snathis ferox*," (See Appendix,) and he scarcely dropped the bomb into the gaping demon star-trap beneath him.

The shark blew up with a loud report, and the noble boy battled onward against the roaring surges.

A few minutes later an enormous whale bore down on Daring Davy, with its eyes flashing and its mouth open, in which it rattled its whale-bones like a corset factory in full operation. Holding his cutlass upright behind his back, Davy suddenly dived beneath the ponderous mass and ripped it clear open from head to tail.

"It was an eight hundred-barrel cetacean, the sperm or right whale of commerce. Singular that it should exist in this latitude," (See Appendix,) murmured the piratical young naturalist.

A few more sturdy strokes brought him alongside of the hen-coop. Just as he was about to climb upon it, and clasp the beautiful Milly to his crime stained but noble heart, he felt a clammy grasp seize his right toe. Davy turned a deathly pale.

"It is the dread scourge of the Pacific, the Octopus, or devil fish!" (See Appendix,) he exclaimed with a shudder.

[To be continued in our next.] —Derrick Dodd in *San Francisco Post*.

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